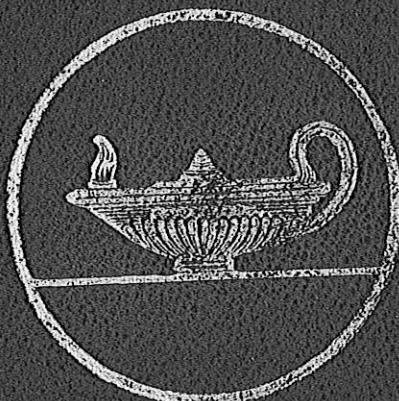
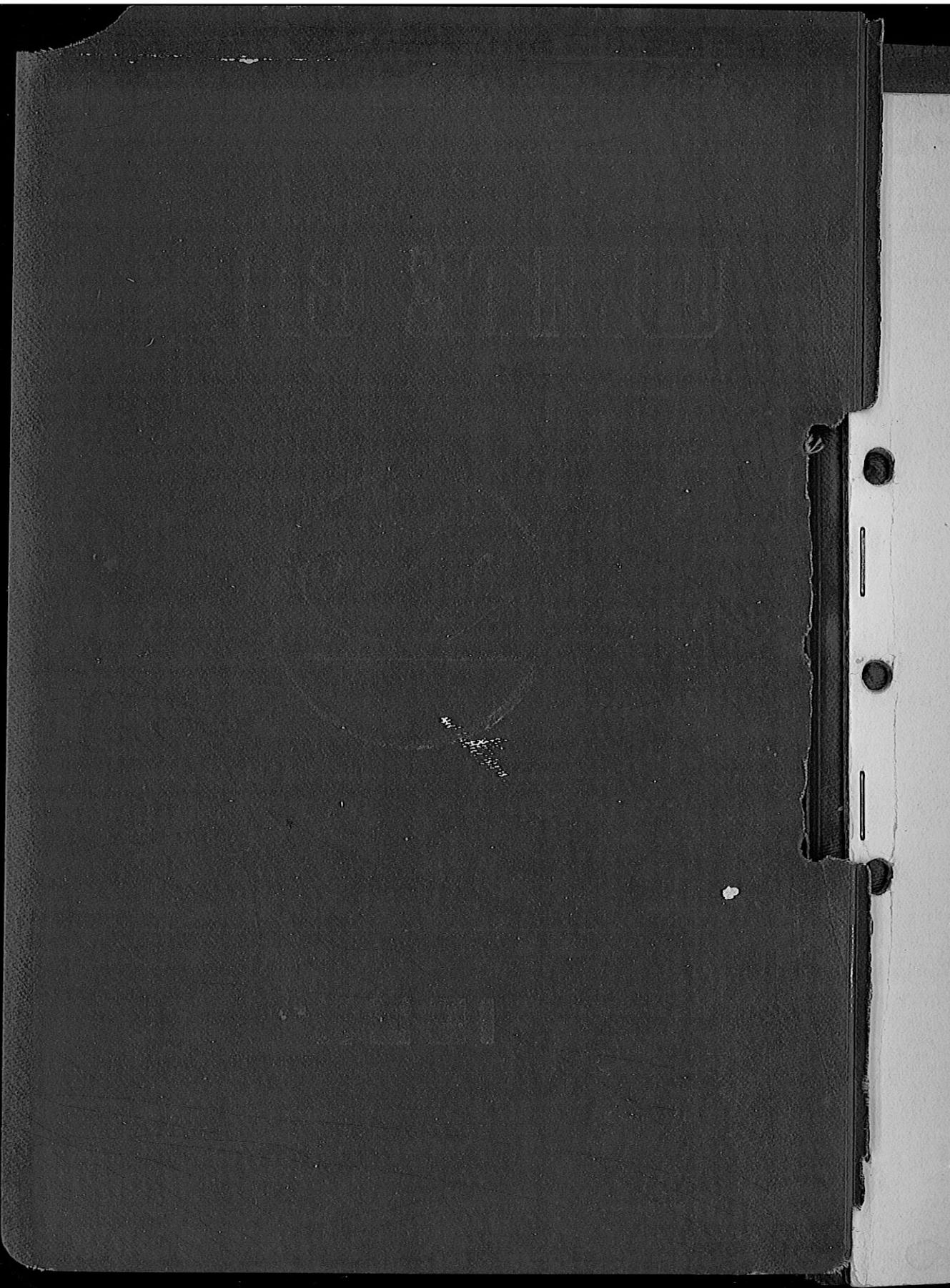


WHITE CAPS



1935



Jean Davidson

"WHITE CAPS"

YEAR BOOK
of
CLASS OF 1935

Vassar Brothers Hospital
Poughkeepsie, New York



JUNE, 1935



Dedication . . .

As Probationers our introduction to nursing
we owe to you.

As Juniors a further course in nursing
you helped us to pursue.

As Intermediates our burdens you found ways
to lighten.

As Seniors a friendly smile our way you
helped to brighten.

And so because you oft' have been our
inspiration

We have made this dedication—
Just to you.

Edith L. Lindberg

White Cap Board

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MANAGING EDITOR

ALICE VAN DYNE, '35

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CLASS FLOWER

Lily of Valley

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS MOTTO

For God and Humanity

SENIOR CLASS MEMBERS

Vera F. Agersborg	Carritta R. Holtzman
Harriet M. Allen	Frieda E. Krieger
Lillian E. Bate	Dorothea M. Lasher
Margery K. Bull	Evelyn G. Lawrence
Lily A. Cameron	F. Catherine Peele
Hazel L. Case	Marion E. Phelps
Pearl Churchill	Georgina C. Spice
Iva C. Croswell	Amelia V. Styles
Dorothy M. Dallas	Alice E. Van Dyne
E. Constance Ferguson	June C. Wadlin
Marion C. Gormley	Helen L. Wagner

CLASS SONG

Vassar's one foundation,
Is her nurses brave and true;
We came for three years training,
And now our course is through.
And as we each go forward,
Each one on paths anew,
We fain would linger longer
To spend glad days with you.

A. V. D.



RACHAEL F. McCrimmon

Director School of Nursing



RACHEL COLE

Assistant Director School of Nursing

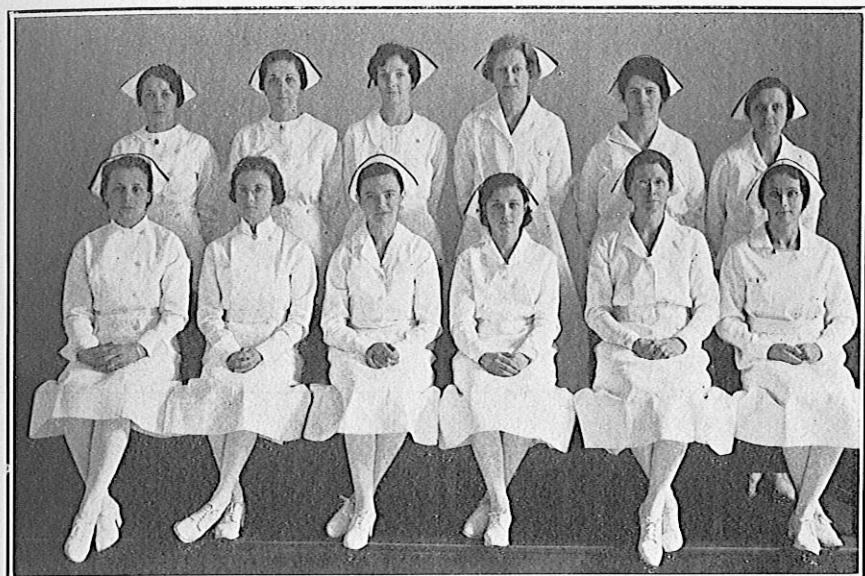


SARA L. SWEET

Director of Education



OUR SUPERVISORS



Dorothy Brink
Ruth Caire
Jean Davidson
Anne Eckerlein
Elizabeth Ferguson

Laura Hoover
Mary Hughes
E. Marian Knapp
Alta A. McFarland
Marion E. Pae

Grace E. Sease
Caroline B. Smith
Marie Tschudin
Katherine Tremper
Marie Tyler



Dietitians

Grace Thompson
Frieda Reuman
Lola Leonardson

VERA FERN AGERSBORG
"AGGIE"

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Is that phone
for me?"

"Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath
the thorn."



HARRIET MARGUERITE ALLEN
"HATTY"

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "My sakes to
Betsy."

"From the crown of her head to the
soles of her feet,
She is all mirth."

LILLIAN ELLEN BATE
"LILY"

Chelsea, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Is Larry down
there?"

"No man lives happily alone."



MARGERY KNIGHT BULL
"MARGE"

Campbell Hall, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "What did you say?"

"Always, she stands ready with a helping hand."

LILY ANDERSON CAMERON
"CAMMY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Aw, scratch my back."

"To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act."

HAZEL LOUISE CASE
"CASEY"

Athens, Penn.

Favorite Expression: "Nuts."

"A sweet, fair face, with a frequent frown."

PEARL CHURCHILL
"CHURCHIE"

Hughsonville, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Hey, Ma!"
"Dignified, almost, until you know
her."



IVA CUNYES CROSWELL
"SHORTY"

Saugerties, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: " 'Xcuse 'im."
"It is better to be small and shine,
than to be great and cast a
shadow."

DOROTHY MARY DALLAS
"DALLAS"

Atlantic City, N. J.

Favorite Expression: "Can't, got a
date tonight."
"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore, let's be merry—"



**ELIZABETH CONSTANCE
FERGUSON**
"CONNIE"

Marlborough, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Who's that?"
"Blushes very becomingly upon occasion
A thing that has the charm of rarity."



MARION CREHAN GORMLEY
"GORM"

Schenectady, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "I wish it were Saturday."
"She is one who does her own thinking, and lets others know it."



CARRITTA RUTH HOLTZMAN
"JUMMY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, go on."
"Jummy is cute, dainty and neat
Jummy is small, modest and sweet."

FRIEDA EMILIA KRIEGER
"FRITZ"

Middletown, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Oh boy, can he
dance!"

"To be efficient in a quiet way
That is her aim from day to day."



DOROTHEA MAY LASHER
"DOT"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Hey, you know
what?"

"There is nothing like her, though
there are many imitations."



EVELYN GRACE LAWRENCE
"EV"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Don't ask me."
"Nothing great was ever achieved
without ambition."





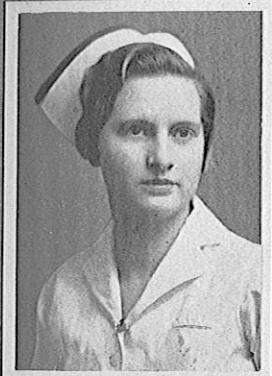
FLORA CATHERINE PEELE

"KATTY"

Raeford, N. C.

Favorite Expression: "Will you wait
a minute?"

"Life's a serious proposition—boys
too."



GEORGINA CONSTANCE

SPICE

"JEAN"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Guess who
called me!"

"Men, Men, Men!
They don't mean a thing—"



AMELIA VERA STYLES

"MEEL"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Are you
ready?"

"I hear, but say not much, yet think
the more."

MARION ELIZABETH PHELPS
"FLIPSY"

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, I never
thought of that."

"Content—has great delight and little
trouble."



ALICE ELIZABETH VAN DYNE
"AL"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Aw shut up."

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom
stale her infinite variety."



JUNE CAROLINE WADLIN
"DUCKY"

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "What shall I
do?"

"Meet trials with smiles and they
vanish;

Face care's with a song and they flee."



HELEN LOUISE WAGNER
"WAGGY"

Beacon, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Gee, but he's
cute."

"A jolly girl and full of fun
A good old pal for everyone."



Former Members

Hazel Bliss	Winifred Coney
Grace Brink	Ella Howe
Reba Conklyn	Anita Howell
Sara Plough	Ruth Pulling
Joy Rutledge	

Three Years Training

We lived in the basement when first we were new
And when we were capped to the corridors we flew.
In two years was added a band of Blue
Giving us the right to Home II.

We've been through the O. R. and A. R. too
We've had some medicine and ob's a few.
For pediatrics a special course we drew
And the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat we've been through.

So here's to the doctors who have cheered us along
And also the internes both now and gone.

The T. S. O. has kept us straight
And fellow students have proved first rate.

We've gone through training for three long years
Which have not been without their tears.

We've labored for others and now we are through,
We begin on paths anew.

So here's to old Vassar, we'll always be true
For she was the one to guide us through
All of our practice and theory too,
And now we bid her adieu.

"Churchie," "Al" and "Ev."

The Last Will and Testament *of the* Class of 1935

We, the glorified Senior Class of Vassar Brothers' Hospital, on this important twenty-ninth day of May, with all solemnity and sincerity, declare this to be our last will and testament.

To our fellow students and friends we hereby make the following bequests:

To the simple, undignified class of 1936—our most high place as Seniors next year.

To the Probies—Our callouses, corns, strong extremities, fallen arches, and weak minds.

To Esther Fitzgibbons—Harriet Allen's permission to smile once in awhile.

To Edna Agersborg—Lillian Bate's permission to occupy the small sitting room in the Tower Home every night next year.

To Bertha Claire—Dorothea Lasher's collection of boy-friends.

To Marjory Tompkins—Hazel Case's diminutive stature and roguish character.

To Patricia Traver—Helen Wagner's unfailing ability to take it and laugh it off.

To Genevive Guilmet—Carritta Holtzman's place as the shortest Senior next year.

To Helen Ridgeway—Marion Gormley's place as the tallest Senior next year.

To Mildred Sleight—June Wadlin's end-curlers and bottle of "Wildroot Wave Set."

To Florence Buchanan—Lily Cameron's mystic shoe horn, "to horn in" better on other girl's boy-friends.

To Anna Swanson and Ruth Tompkins—Some of Alice Van Dyne's pep, vim, and vigor.

To Dorothy Hoch and Hazel Parmele—Dorothy Dallas' and Pearl Churchill's book on "Steady Company."

To Jean Housman—Iva Croswell's short stature.

To Frances Glancy—Constance Ferguson's book, "Remedies For All Aches and Pains."

To Ella Buchanan—Evelyn Lawrence's bottle of "Vick's Nose drops."

To All Hungry Ones—Vera Agersborg's food supply for midnight lunches.

To Mildred Halsted—Catherine Peel's naturally wavy hair.

To Doctor Reedy—Amelia Styles' never ending supply of cigarettes.

To Anna—Margery Bull's old balbriggan pajamas for dust clothes in the Tower Home.

To Anna Smith—Georgina Spice's sarcasm.

To Helen Catlin—Marian Phelps' pep and vivacity

To Virginia Bolam—Frieda Krieger's dancing feet.

In testimony whereof, we hereunto set our hand and affix our seal, and in the presence of three witnesses, declare this to be our last will and testament, this the 29th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five.

Witnesses { Marlor Bacon,
 Holden Young
 Eugene Williams

IN MEMORIAM

to

DR. SAMUEL HAYES

Interne at Vassar Brothers Hospital
from July 3, 1932 to June 30, 1933

Dear Classmates :

Three years have sped by and here we are waiting to receive our diplomas. While we are waiting, we will let our memories stray back over these last three years.

Remember good old Home I with our Peeping Tom, and how we gathered together and sang songs to keep our courage high? Tired out after a day of making beds and cotton sponges we would climb into bed to find a mouse or a gold fish for a bed fellow; or else we would find the bed sheets draping the furniture. Alas! a heavy sigh and whisper: "Well just one more bed to practice on."

Then came the day of caps and bibs—remember how shivers ran up and down our spinal columns as we hurried to the T. S. O? First corridor was then our home. What fun we had running up to 2nd floor kitchen at 10:15 p. m. for our nightly lunch of toasted cheese sandwiches and coffee.

O. R. days were then at hand, remember working most every night and our famous pie a la mode?

In the meanwhile we watched the gradual rise of Tower Home from a mere foundation to an ideal nurses' home. Will you ever forget the night we drew numbers for our rooms? Everyone was so excited it was a wonder Miss McCrimmon wasn't trampled on in the rush to get all hands in the bag.

We shall never be able to express how much we have enjoyed Tower Home. Remember our bridge party and how delighted we were to show off the house? Perhaps we are a little conceited over Tower Home, but we have a right to be, don't you think? Monday nights were always busy making sandwiches and I think we owe our V. B. H. colleagues a "thank you" for their interest in our efforts to put over our Year Book.

The diplomas have all been distributed; there is no further time for reminiscing, so fellow classmates as we rise and take the pledge, may we all feel the responsibility of fulfilling its true significance now and forever.

Your classmate,

Evelyn G. Lawrence.

Tower Home



The year 1932 saw the first steps taken toward the fulfillment of one of Vassar Brothers Hospital's greatest needs; namely, a suitable nurses' home. The hospital was informed on March 21st, 1932 by the trustees of two trust funds established by Mr. Joseph T. Tower, whose ancestral home was in Millbrook, N. Y., that certain monies would be available from the aforesaid trust funds for the construction of what would be the first and central unit of a new nurses' home, to be known as "The Mary T. Tower Memorial Given by the Trustees of a Charitable Trust Established in her Memory by her Brother, Joseph T. Tower."

Shortly after the hospital was informed of this gift, the president of the Board of Trustees appointed a special nurses' home committee to give consideration to the building of the home and to the exact site of the building, its size and character as well as who should be appointed architects and contractors. This committee consisting originally of Mr. F. H. M. Hart, chairman, Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, with the president of the Board of Trustees and the superintendent as ex officio members, was later increased to include Mr. M. Glenn Folger and Mr. Ernest L. Owen. The committee considered what facilities should be included in such a building, formulated tentative plans, recommended the employment of Messrs.

York & Sawyer of New York as architects, passed upon the plans submitted by the architects, received bids from various local contractors and finally recommended the appointment of W. W. Kingston & Co. as contractors.

On May 24th, 1933, ground was broken for the memorial unit. Miss Rachael F. McCrimmon, director of nursing, turned the first spade of ground during an informal ceremony at which the members of the special committee on the nurses' home and representatives of the administrative and nursing departments were present.

The building, after some delay, was finally completed in the late spring of 1934 but was not formally opened until October 4th, 1934. On that occasion fully 500 persons came to see the new building. Members of the Women's Auxiliary and the Junior League served tea and brief informal speeches were made by the president of the Board of Trustees of the hospital, the director of nursing, the architects of the building and the superintendent of the hospital. Following this informal opening the senior class of the school of nursing moved into the building, as did the assistant director of nursing and the director of education of the school of nursing.

The present building houses 24 persons and was planned with a lounge, a library, a reception room and other facilities to serve as the central section of a much larger edifice intended ultimately to accommodate 140 occupants and also to provide necessary educational and recreational facilities.

The cost of furnishing the present building was very generously met by the mother of Mr. Joseph T. Tower, Jr.

J. J. Weber, Supt.



Who's Who

or . . .

Our Seniors As We Know Them

Vera Agersborg—Efficient—frank—likable—in love—helpful.

Harriet Allen—Happy-go-lucky—never idle—entertaining—a tease.

Lily Bate—In love—cheerful—ready for a good time.

Margery Bull—Sincere—helpful—friendly.

Lily Cameron—Mischievous—quiet—sweet—nice.

Hazel Case—Loyal to one—obstruse—quiet.

Pearl Churchill—Reserved—considerate—ready for marriage.

Iva Croswell—Ambitious—sporting—everybody's friend.

Dorothy Dallas—Always late—vivacious—brunette.

Constance Ferguson—Considerate—artistic—quietly humorous—amiable.

Marion Gormley—Deliberate—wily—tempermental.

Carritta Holtzman—So big—dependable—quiet.

Frieda Krieger—Conscientious—likes to dance—thorough.

Dorothea Lasher—Polite—quiet—pleasant—likes excitement.

Catherine Peele—Argumentative—sentimental—likes 'em tall.

Marion Phelps—Sunny—individual—versatile.

Jean Spice—Fickle—sarcastic—jesting—industrious.

Amelia Styles—Accommodating—polite—active.

Alice Van Dyne—Bubbling with laughter—Industrious—willing.

June Wadlin—Smiling—spontaneous—carefree.

Helen Wagner—Fair and square—unobtrusive—congenial.



Judy Vassar

Doctor, our Judy isn't feeling so well;
Would you please mind stopping in?
I don't know just what the trouble is
But she looks quite pale and thin.

For many hard tasks she has seen us all through,
Now gone is her color—her appetite lost
You can't get sick now Judy whatever you do
Oh, Doctor give us the remedy and don't spare the cost.

I know she has had a hard three years,
Since we as a class have been here
Being rolled and tumbled around in her bed
By all unskilled probationers, I fear.

Several trips to the O. R. and cast room too,
Enemas, hi-colonics, ear treatments, a few
Rides in the wheel chair—dumped into bed
No reason at all for that bump on her head?

Now tell me what would you prescribe for her
I want her to have only the best
For without our "Dear Judy Vassar"
What would happen to all of the rest!

My examination revealing nothing severe
My prescription would be no medical cure
But fresh air and sunshine—good care for a year
Would change our dear Judy to a new girl I am sure.

Connie & Iva.

Touring V. B. H.

Why, yes, indeed. I would enjoy showing you the inside of our hospital.

This is our main office and seated at the first desk is Mr. Bacon, asking some dignified woman if she would like a room facing the river or one overlooking "the avenue." At the switchboard is Mr. Young relieving Stella while she is dieting in the dining room.

Let us mount the main stairway. On the right is Miss Tobin in her office checking off the laundry list. Next to her office is Miss Thompson's office where at present Miss Thompson and the chef are discussing our menu for the coming week. On the left are six children patiently waiting their turn in the X-Ray room.

In the Physiotherapy department is Mr. Hofstetter, giving Miss Styles a light treatment for that "imp" of hers. (I wonder how Meel will treat it next?) On the opposite side Dr. Davison is taking an X-Ray picture of Miss Frieda Krieger's abdomen for that missing chicken bone. (We wonder how Frieda swallowed a chicken bone at 11 A. M.? Isn't dinner served at 12 noon?)

As we walk over to Ward I we are detained a few minutes by the huge crowd gathered in the hall and sun parlor. Barring the doors are two uniformed policemen. Even they do not seem to be enjoying themselves for the people are determined they shall open those doors.

I do not believe we want to remain here long so let us go up the stairs to Ward II where we can witness the probationers attending to those mitered corners about which Miss Lindberg is so particular. And out in the lavatory section Miss Harrington is mopping up the contents of a bottle of formalin she had the misfortune to drop. (We would suggest spilling tincture of lavender or something with a more pleasant odor next time, Miss Harrington).

Back out to room 20 which Miss Wadlin is occupying for a few days. June is just another "German Measles." (What has become of that skin you love to touch, June?)

On the sun porch we overhear Frank furiously debating the necessity of shorter hours and higher wages.

On "Men's Semi" Miss Spice is trying to teach Miss Halsted how to work and think at the same time.

Ward IV is busy as usual. Dr. Haight and Miss Agersborg are

busy taking blood sugars. And then we dare to ask why diabetics do not like to remain in the hospital!

Down the stairway to Ward III where Miss Lawrence is just hanging out the shingle, "No Admittance. Doctors are making Rounds." Guess we are not going to visit either surgical wards today so let us go back up to 3rd floor and see what Miss Dallas is doing in the E. E. N. T. Dr. Neighbors seems to be having some difficulty in performing a tonsillectomy on Miss Dorothy Johnson. Maybe if you changed the spatula it would help, Dr. Neighbors. Also if Miss Dallas would only hold Dot's head a little more to the right. But then who are we to offer suggestions? Dr. Neighbors does have his troubles, doesn't he?

In the Demonstration room Miss Lindberg is giving Judy a clysis while a class of probationers look on. (Poor Judy, if you could only talk, what a lot you could teach the probationers)

The Delivery room door we shall not open. But Dr. Thatcher just entered so we shall apply the knowledge learned from reading "Behind Closed Doors."

The operating room is too tempting for us to pass by so in we go to watch Dr. Harrington perform an emergency appendectomy. Everyone seems to be happy. (Did you just tell another joke, Doctor?) Miss Coyle looks tired from retracting—and we can't blame her. Too bad all these patients do not go on a reducing diet before being admitted for an operation.

In the sterilizing room we hear a loud outburst of steam from the water sterilizer—guess somebody forgot to turn the steam off!

Out of the operating room before Miss Eckerlein asks us to leave.

Over to corr. III. "Quiet Please Patients will Appreciate your Thoughtfulness."

Let us go up to the Solarium and visit Misses Wagner and Ferguson. (Girls don't you believe in the slogan, "Tonsils Removed —Pain Disappears—Happiness Ahead.")

Down Corr. III to Corr. II where we hear the telephone ringing madly. (Come, come girls are you all in the bathtub? Why is it that each one waits for the other to answer the phone?)

Oh, I almost forgot, we haven't visited fourth floor yet. Guess we shall have to walk as someone forgot to close the elevator door.

First thing we hear on Fourth Corridor is wee voices crying.

In the nursery Miss Swanson is endeavoring to hush them by placing bottles of water for them to drink.

Out of the nursery and past the laboratory where Mrs. Underhill is looking at "bugs" with one eye open while Miss Rand is doing a red and hemoglobin on Miss Ridgeway. On the sun deck are several patients enjoying Vitamin D. No girls, they are not eating it!

On Ward VI we can hear four mothers discussing whether it will be John Joseph or Marian Ann. The babies are all sleeping and everything is quiet so let us continue to Ward V where it is a little more noisy. Miss Allen seems to be having some difficulty with the twins. (Sure you gave the right formula to the right twin? Maybe both formulas to the same twin?)

Dr. Reedy has just finished examining a new patient in the isolation room. (Don't forget what the lysol and towels are on that stand for!)

From Ward V let us take the elevator to 1st floor and see if the girls are eating yet.

1st floor—what a noise! It would be difficult to say whether this is dinner hour or a football game by the long crowded "line up" at the first door to the dining room. Girls, when you do sit down don't forget that each class has its own tables.

Through the hall door to the Accident Room where Dr. Browning is suturing an open wound in a man's forehead. At the same time Dr. Malvin is applying an arm cast to a small boy with a fractured radius.

Over to the Dispensary where surgical and Pediatric Clinics are being held. What did they do, leave you all alone, Dr. Gosse? But then you can handle the situation all right, I guess.

In Pediatric Clinic Dr. Rosenberg is attempting to use a spatula and flashlight to look down a small boy's throat. (Be careful Dr. Rosenberg, boys have been known to swallow larger things than spatulas, you know!)

Well, Miss Sease you seem not to be wasting any time either. We wonder if you don't ever tire of the doctors asking questions and then never waiting for an answer?

Guess we have finished our tour of the hospital for today and as it is necessary that I report on duty I shall bid you adieu and hope that you will come to visit us again in the near future.

Prophesy

CLASS OF 1935

It is May 1945, a young matron, Catherine Peele——is serving tea to a group of friends on the veranda of her summer home in North Carolina. To an observer it appears to be a reunion for the little "members" who are echoing around.

Catherine is telling of her husband's latest research work on cancer—Just then a cry is heard and a Sandy haired woman runs to the roadway to find her son Jacky, wading in the gold fish pond. Margery Bull seems to be having a difficult task making Jacky behave.

Iva Croswell, present Director of the Regional Child Health Institute, comes to her rescue by taking Jacky in hand, while Margery asks Dorothy Dallas how she manages to make little Robert behave so well.

At this time Catherine reminds her guests that Iva has arranged a surprise for the evening. They are to be in the drawing room at 8:15 P. M. All the guests arrive on time except Catherine's husband who has been called away for an important consultation.

Iva takes the floor to introduce the first act on the program—a tap dance by Jean Spice's twins—Sherman and Herman, aged five. This causes considerable applause. Jean proudly explains that they are following in their daddy's foot steps.

Lily Bate, follows with a talk on "Womans Place Is in the Home"—which proved to be very enlightening.

Connie Ferguson, now secretary and nursing companion for the elderly Dr. Jones, President of American Medical Association, gives a detailed account of her recent trip to California. On her trip west, Connie had the pleasure of visiting the City Hospital at Phoenix, Arizona where Alice Van Dyne had just recently become director of nurses, with Frieda Krieger as operating room Supervisor.

In San Francisco,—Dr. Jones had a business engagement with the Directors of the association. Marion Gormley and her husband were also at the meeting—Marion said that her small son Kenneth was spending the summer at one of the boy's camps in southern California.

Driving back through Yellow Stone National Park whom

should they run across at one of the Tourist Camps but Dorothea Lasher, dressed in riding breeches and high topped shoes busily engaged in devouring the contents of a road map in her efforts "To See America First."

Nearing Chicago Dr. Jones decided to see some night life, so they stopped at The Drake Hotel, where Carritta Holtzman was hostess at her world famous cocktail bar. Hazel Case came in while they were there but for a different purpose, as she was trying to obtain news for the Social column of the "Chicago News." It isn't very hard to obtain news from Hazel! She told them Lily Cameron had recently obtained a divorce from the famous financier, Robert Reynolds, after she had been married only six months.

Dr. Jones being tired of traffic, decided to take the train from Chicago to New York. Another passenger was Amelia Styles who had been on a campaign for the support of her orphanage.

They tuned in on W. A. B. C. The program proved to be quite interesting as it was June Wadlin and Marian Phelps broadcasting a lecture on "The Nursing Situation in the Metropolis." They have been there about five years now and seem to like it very much.

In Albany they attended the meeting of the New York State Nurses' Association. Evelyn Lawrence, still true to her profession, presided over the meeting. Vera Agersborg is treasurer of the association. Both are doing splendid work there.

Poughkeepsie! Pearl Churchill is at the station bidding good-by to her husband who is to attend a meeting of the executives of "Central Hudson Gas and Electric Company," in New York.

They arrived in New York just as the Naval Fleet came in. Desiring to select a new sport dress for the occasion, Connie entered the shop of Madam Henrietta on 5th Avenue, where she found Harriet Allen to be Madam Henrietta. Harriet accompanied Connie and Mr. Jones to the hospital ship which proved to be most interesting because Helen Wagner was head of the nursing staff. She showed them through the ship and explained its routine.

Connie finished her lecture by saying that she hopes that her trip abroad next year, as Mrs. Jones, will be as eventful.

All the guests then gathered around the room and joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne" after which they departed to their respective homes happy to know what their classmates had been doing since their graduation from Vassar in 1935.

Books Added to Tower Home Library

- "Weekend" by Marion Gormley
"Love In Bloom" by Margery Bull
"Freckles" by Birdsall Sweet
"Sea Sickness" by Marion Pae
"The Married Doctor" by Weston Stibbs
"The Road to Happiness" by Martin and Helen DeMund
"Advice to Fathers" by Harry Browning
"The Successful Doctor" by Julius Haight
"One Girl in a Million" by Lyndon Thatcher
"Playing Tennis Gracefully" by Harriet Allen and Iva Croswell
"Crocheting—A Pastime" by Frieda Krieger
"Flirtation" by Florence Buchanan
"The Road That Leads to Home" by James Reedy
"At Your Service" by James Hughes
"The Perfect Understanding" by Pearl Churchill
"Love At Sight" by Dorothy Dallas
"The Doctor's Daughter" by Constance Ferguson
"Lollypops" by Hannah Quinn
"Memories" by Marion Phelps
"Southern Etiquette" by Catherine Peele
"Twelve New Rules for Successful Housekeeping" by Katherine Van Dyne
"Jokes for the Sick" by James T. Harrington
"Smiling at Life" by Hazel Kipp
"A Question a Minute" by Marlor Bacon
"Educating the Child" by Alta MacFarland
"Six Ways to the Stomach" by Lola Lenardson
"How to Smile—Always" by Marion Knapp
"Why I Like Tall Men" by Lily Bate
"The Definition of Love" by June Wadlin
"Making Use of Spare Time" by Harriet Allen
"How to Stay Thin" by Dorothea Lasher

"My Diary"

Class of '36

September 6, 1933.

Dear Diary:

This is my big day! Eighteen wondering, anxious faces gazed for the first time on the old brick building that was to be their future home, at least for three years (they hoped!) At five o'clock we were told to meet our gracious guide at the dining room. Very cautiously we crept along the cellar-pass toward our destination. As we stood in the breadline awaiting our turn we chanced to look around to meet the gaze of a sea of white caps. Out of the silence came the whispered tones, "Don't leave us Miss Lindberg!"

December 23, 1933.

Dear Diary:

The "day of Judgment" is near at hand. "To stay or not to stay, that is the question"; something must be done to forget our worries. At eight o'clock a parade of strange sights was seen entering the assembly hall in Home I. Among those present were Santa Claus, Father Time, Mae West and Toothless Annie. Christmas gifts were exchanged. At 10:15 a tired bedraggled group of would be nurses retired.

January 23, 1934.

Dear Diary:

Worries are over! One by one fifteen of us came back from the T. S. O. wildly waving our new possessions, the long-awaited caps and bibs. Repose will be peaceful tonight!

November 30, 1934.

Dear Diary:

Our first venture at adding to our treasury. For the first time in history Home II was utilized for a dance hall. Having been newly renovated the house served its purpose to perfection. At eight o'clock the music began. An entertainment ensued for the enjoyment of the Doctors, Internes, Supervisors and Students present. At one o'clock Home II returned once more to oblivion while on the corridors, wash bowls were filled—cold water and tired aching feet. Eagerly the owners discussed their enjoyable dates and the \$25 which our bankroll now contains.



January 17, 1935.

Dear Diary:

The snow that has fallen this week has increased our desire for a sleigh-ride. At the Lincoln Ave. entrance a group of twenty-two awaited our conveyance. At last we sighted a huge sled filled with straw and drawn by two lean and undernourished horses. At the first incline and each one thereafter we were compelled to get down and push our trusty team to the top. After touring the city (riding a little, walking a great deal) we arrived home. Awaiting us was a warm and blazing fire in the living room of Home II. Aladdin certainly must have rubbed his lamp for there before our famished eyes appeared a table loaded with good things to eat. (Miss Knapp and Miss Lindberg were our Aladdin!)

February 4, 1935.

Dear Diary:

Home II once more the scene of wild activity. A farewell party for the first group of the class to depart on the N. Y. trip. Besides their classmates wishing them bon voyage, two recently escaped H. R. S. H. Inmates, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Appletree, dressed in hideous costumes came to wish them well.

March 26, 1935.

Dear Diary:

Our last social function of the season. A jolly crowd of about fifty couples were seen tripping light fantasies in Rutherford's Hall. In addition to a good time our treasury was increased by \$13!

Dear Diary:

I think you need a rest. Next year I shall resurrect you from the trunk and fill your pages from cover to cover with interesting things yet to come.

IN MEMORIAM

Ethel Cornelia Le Fevre, Class of 1936

"The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of the setting star,
Clear, suddenly and still."



Class of 1937

Can you imagine:

Virginia Bolam not exaggerating

Edythe Cooper never getting a letter from a certain boy

Anne Donahue not having fourths on desserts

Mildred Halsted smiling all day

Dorothy Kerley being unpleasant

Renee Maasberg the quietest of a crowd

Margaret Pitcher not wanting to dance

Alta Ruesch keeping her cap on all day

Hilda Russell being angry at someone

Katherine Sleight making a lot of noise

Rita Small breaking rules

Minerva Grover without a date

Muriel Casey being fat

Marjorie Chatterton without a grin

Helen Catlin being excited

Kay Moore without a giggle

Millie Irvin without her red hair

Dot Johnson without her dancing eyes?





HOW THE PROBIES CAME TO VASSAR

Once upon a time in the far off days of February 1935, oh best beloved, there appeared in the city of Poughkeepsie seven girls of strange and varied personalities, who had come to earn a cap and bib at Vassar Hospital. From the Northland and from the Southland, from the East and from the West, they came, each with the same determination.

The doors of the Hospital, oh best beloved, opened wide to receive them. Frightened by wards, lost in corridors, stared at by nurses, they wanted to run away but kept on, held fascinated by the vision of caps.

The big epidemic—German measles—stalked among them and laid low one from the Northland and one from the Southland. Another ogre, a horrible vaccine, felled them all in three successive blows. And all the time they worked, worked, worked, to become the nurses of the future. By day they labored on the wards, by night they poured over books. And then, oh best beloved, in the midst of all their trials and tribulations, Home I, spacious and glorified became a new homeland for the aspiring seven.

And so they sat them down among these new and promiscuous duties and with one eye directed to the future, they did their tasks most politely and hoped for the best.

With apologies to Kipling.

DIRGE OF A PROBE

Some kids had their tonsils and adenoids out

And Elinor swallowed her tongue.

The wide eyed probie was pushed to the wall,

The blame on the Probie was hung.

One day a "no breakfast" got two bowls of mush,
Some Senior remarked, "What a shame!"

The Head Nurse discovered, alas, but too late.

A Probie is always to blame.

A bottle once fell from the shelf and got broke,
That bottle was never the same,

The Juniors so serious gazed all around the room.

A Probie, of course, got the blame.

Ivan opened his ice cap and swallowed some ice,
And just then a Graduate came.

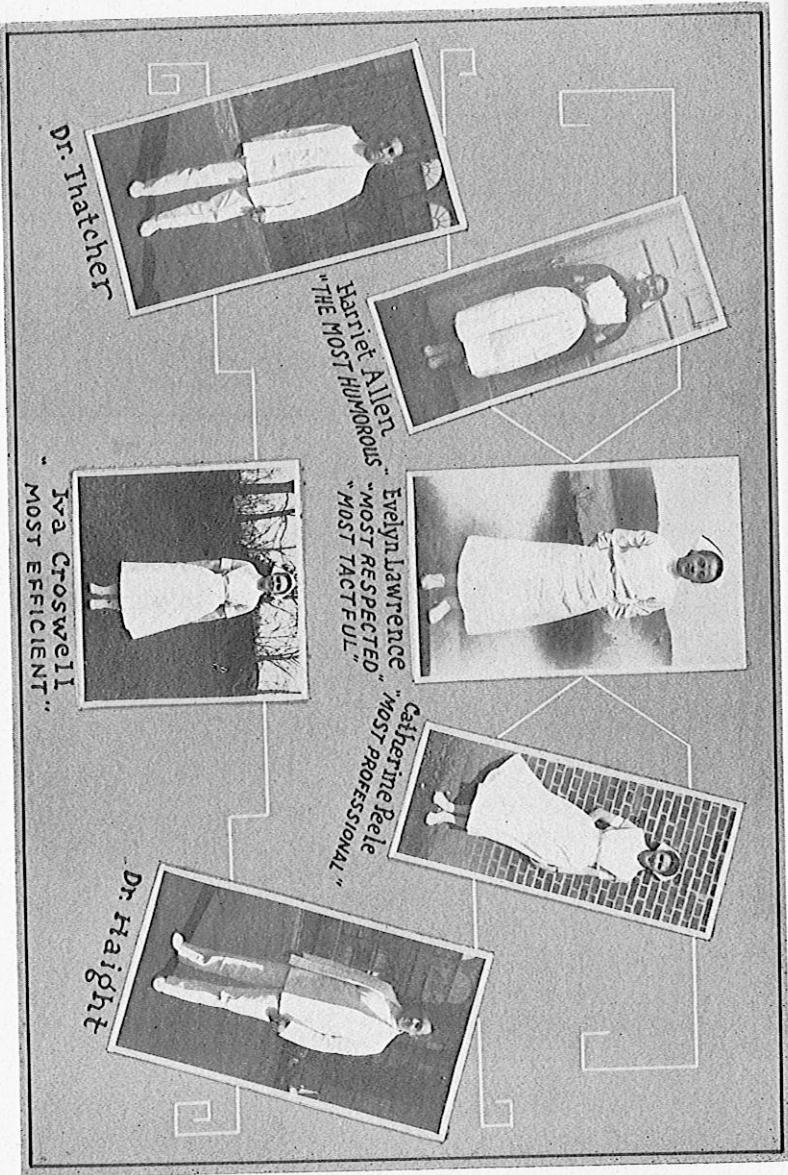
"Thank goodness!" she sighed, "There's a Probie around,"
Of course, we know who got the blame.

Did the sun rise too early this morning, you say,
Or did someone get caught in the rain?

Did you fail in two tests in succession today?

A Probie is always to blame!

(Copied)



Things We Would Like to See in V.B.H.

- More cooperation between senior and younger students.
- Clean shoes everyday in the week.
- Uniforms not patched with adhesive tape.
- Caps all folded the same way.
- Younger students holding the doors open for their seniors.
- Fewer dirty ink wells.
- More than two internes willing to do their share of the work.
- Higher marks in Theory.
- Less cleaning with bed pan and ice bag covers—We suggest dust rags.
- New sterilizers on Ward IV.
- More smiling faces.
- More accurate charting.
- Less noise after 10:15 p. m. from Corridors I and II.
- Less gum chewing on duty.
- More bed side lights.
- Sharper infusion and clysis needles.
- Medications given on time.
- More professional etiquette.
- All students in the dining room before 6:50 A. M. every morning
- More class spirit.
- Less noise on the private corridors.
- Eight hour duty for students.
- A new oxygen tent.
- More cooperation between students and internes.
- More student nurses.
- Orderlies who will argue less and work more.
- All class dues paid on time.

Gerritta Holtzman
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Frieda Krieger Marian Gormley
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Alice VanDyne
"THE NOISIEST"



Pearl Churchill
"THE MOST DIGNIFIED"



Dr. Browning

Dr. Reedy

Ten Commandments of a Nurse

1. Thou shalt rise to all Superiors, labor for them and stand aside for them.
2. Thou should not indulge in thy neighbor's ten o'clock lunch to which thou hast not been bidden.
3. Thou shalt not covet thy next door neighbor's clothing or anything that is thy neighbor's.
4. Thou shalt be in thy room at 10:15 p. m.; all lights out at 11 p. m.
5. Thou shalt clean thy shoes each morning or be looked upon with scorn by all superiors.
6. Thou shalt attend all classes.
7. Remember, that six days if thou hast labored without fault, only one-half of the seventh shall be required of thee.
8. Thou shalt not attempt to get in unnoticed late at night.
9. Thou shalt not entertain guests after 10:15 p. m. unless a late leave hath been granted thee.
10. Thou shalt always wear a hair net on duty.

Our Maternity Song

(By Connie and Hattie)

TUNE: *Collegiate*

Did you ever hear the hist'ry of O. B's?
First they come to clinic and they're at their ease,
But then, sooner or later, as the time rolls by,
They'll be having pains and groans and sighs.

Chorus I.

Ward VI, L. R.; B. P.; F. H.; P. R.;
S. 'S. E., S. O. S., maybe?
If not, then we, quickly grab the stretcher,
Hail the elevator, let's go!
Third floor, all off, don't stop to close the door,
Hold your breath and Heaven will preserve us evermore.
Doctors, nurses, they all come a rushin'
When they hear us fussing:
It's a bouncing girl, By Gosh!

Chorus II.

Ward VI, routine, patient's binders, bedpans,
Babies, bottles, wet pants, Oh, Dear!
Mothers, Fathers, "Can't we see the baby?"
"Just a minute, maybe, Wait here!"
Have you, ever, come to visit us
When we were not doing something or the other?
Twelve days, discharged, you may have your baby
See you next year maybe—We're on obstetrics now!!

Reminiscences

OF THE CLASS OF 1935

As we are about to say adieu to our past training days at Vassar may we take a few minutes to go back over the past three years and recall the incidents which have lingered in our memories—some undoubtedly causing temporary distress, but all proving in some way very beneficial.

Can you recall Bull's cold bath at 2 a. m. on Jan. 1st, 1935.

Vera Agersborg moving from the cellar to the attic in Home I. She even moved her dresser drawers and mattress. A regular Pilgrim's Progress.

Dallas applying wet dressings over a cast.

Allen "driving Casey mad" when she drained the water from the radiator because it "banged" all night. Six pails one night, wasn't it Hattie?

Cameron's regulation of the flood light.

The first Christmas Party we enjoyed in Home I on Christmas Eve of 1932. To bed at 12:30 A. M. and then up again at 6 A. M. to sing Christmas Carols in the corridors.

All good times in Home I.

The night we slid down Read Hill, on face basins.

Churchill's experiences in room 317.

The manner in which Jean and Hattie did Pop-Eye together.

Gormley's night duty experiences.

The night all the lights went out during a thunder storm while Connie was laying out a corpse on Ward V.

Dallas' original diagnoses applied to clinic.

The night Marian Phelps had sweet corn given to her and the girls boiled it in a foot tub from the cellar.

Holtzman's bicycle maneuvers on Corr. I.

The night Peele forgot to turn off the water in the bath tub on Corr. I.

The fudge making parties—Some soft, some hard and some just right.

Lawrence's professional etiquette applied to Ward III.

What happened to June's courage the night some one tried to get into the cellar.

The singing bees on the corridors. Lily Bate the soprano leader.

Peele's "Little Book on Life" and how she applied it.

Van Dyne's fried egg sandwiches.

Krieger and Van Dyne mopping up Corr. II in Tower Home after the water pipes burst in Krieger's room.

Bull's soda lavages.

Our first autopsy where Connie became lodged in the door and Roy couldn't close it when the lights went out.

Gormley waiting for her long envelopes with the New York post-mark.

When Margery Bull got in the wrong car in front of Tower Home. The night Peele "blew off" the O₂ tank at Babies without Miss Quinn discovering it.

Six seniors at midnight on V. B. H. tennis court.

Cameron's methods of sex appeal.

The sewing circle on the top floor of Tower Home.

Why Shortie was advised to stick to nursing and not try to be a tennis champion.

Hattie loosing her slip on the tennis court and another article of dress one night while sleigh riding.

Lasher forgetting to take late leave and coming in at 1 A. M.

Shortie, Spice and Hattie parading on the roof in bathing suits, one rainy night during a thunder storm.

Spice making Choc. milk with 40% cream.

Our midnight lunches.

E. E. N. T. clinic with Dr. Neighbors.

Casey's true loyalty to one—and only one.

Why Krieger was nick named "Queenie."

When Wagner didn't have at least one boy friend.

The week end Casey, Spice and Wagner acquired their coats of tan.

The supper hour Sandy passed Shortie ice cream—and was caught in the act.

Bull's interpretation of mole skin adhesive as cotton wadding.

The night the screen fell on 1st corr.

Peeping Tom about Home I.

All good times enjoyed by all.

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